

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



WHAT MRS. BOYCE SAW, OR THOUGHT SHE SAW.

## THE HEIRESS OF CHEEVELY DALE.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AN UNPLEASANT ROOM IN AN UNPLEASANT HOUSE.

ONCE upstairs and alone, Zillah found the remedy worse than the evil. Wherever she went Nancy went, following her from room to room like her shadow; and how to fix her in one place she knew not. At length she took her into her lady's room, and endeavoured to divert her by showing her all the novelties of it. Nothing, however, made the slightest impression on her till they came

to Mrs. Boyce's portrait, and at the sight of that Nancy started, and her animation returned; she said, in a highly excited tone to Zillah, while her face flushed and her eyes filled with tears, "Oh, my good captain!" and sob after sob burst from her heaving chest.

"Cap'in? No cap'in, Missee Carey; dat Ma'am Boyce when she young girl. You no tink cap'in wear curl like dat?"

But Nancy continued to weep, fairly to weep, and sobbed out, "Oh, my good captain!" repeatedly.

"She mad! she all mad!" said Zillah, getting very uneasy; for she had never heard of Goldie being so

called by the fishermen of the Bay, and had no other notion of a captain than one in the proper cocked hat and gold lace she had seen on board ship on state occasions.

There was no difficulty now in keeping Nancy quiet. She remained before the picture uttering moans and weeping bitterly, till, out of patience, Zillah threatened to remove the light, declaring it time to go to bed, and urging her to go to that provided for her. Finding that this produced no effect, she added angrily—

"What! you go on mump mump! Berry good; den mump in de dark;" and, putting her threat into execution, she carried off the light into the dressing-room.

"Oh dis world! what troublesome world it is since I see come from de ole country!" she exclaimed disconsolately; "and dis one day not gone, and Ma'am Boyce stay—how long? and de night not ober, and what I see do wid Missee Carey in de night? Wish she go to her house. Why she no go dere?"

But Nancy was not disposed to leave her place before Mrs. Boyce's portrait. She signified to Zillah she would stay there. She could not lie down. She wanted no bed. She would remain in that room.

Zillah weighed evils: it was most disrespectful to her lady, and a compromise of all dignity and order to permit such a thing; but how to prevent it? Had she not undertaken to manage Nancy? Could she now afford to raise a laugh among the disaffected party by asking for help? On the whole, if she insisted on keeping her ground, it seemed not only expedient but needful to let her have her will. So, bolting and locking the inner side of the ante-room door, in which she had caused her own bed to be placed during the absence of her mistress, she prepared for rest, and in truth greatly needed it; for the day had been one of singular trial to her in mind and body.

The deep breathing of Nancy, who, exhausted, had at last stretched herself on the floor, satisfied her that she was doing no mischief. "Glad she sleep now; what noise she make! come all troo de keyhole. Berry good, she go to her house to-morrow; I see take her."

Thus lulled, Zillah resigned herself to sleep, and in a short time her demonstrations of the fact were even more serene than those of Nancy.

Towards the middle of the night she had a dream—a thing of most frequent occurrence with her. She thought she was in her dear "ole country," and rejoicing in the genial warmth and full sunshine she had never felt nor seen in England. Friends were gathered around her, and the effort she made to return their cordial welcome awoke her. "How I see lub to see you! How I see lub you!" she was trying to articulate, when her eyes opened to the darkness of her room.

A bitter sigh of disappointment escaped her at first; but that was soon followed by an exclamation, "Where de light? De light go out? Dear dear! What make 'um go out?"

As she became thoroughly awake, an apprehension stole over her that Nancy had got through bolts and locks and carried off the light. She listened, and heard no deep breathing. All sorts of horrors rose before her. That strange creature that knew no difference between a dead body and a living one, and could pass a night on a new-made grave, might be at that moment by her side; the very idea made her groan audibly. As if in compassion to her sufferings, the moon, which had risen late and had been struggling with dense clouds, now shone in with some strength through the holes that were lanced in the shutter tops, and as the window faced the door the whole refulgence fell upon it. She could see distinctly that not a bolt nor lock had been tampered

with; the door was closed, as she had left it. This reassured her. She had gone bodily, all but her eyes, under the bedclothes; now she ventured to raise herself a little; all was silent, but she was sensible of a strong current of air from behind.

"Just like um bellows; what blow so?" she exclaimed; but, supposing it was customary to that room, and able to believe anything unpleasant of that most unpleasant house, she dived down again. With her mistress or any other rational Christian person in the next room, she would have got up and satisfied herself; as it was, no evil seemed to her so great as to come in contact with mad Missee Carey; so she shut her eyes, hoping to sleep herself back to a better land, and better company than she was at present tormented with.

She had not done so very long when sounds, stealthy but distinct, close to her bed, made her heart die within her. Terror saved her from the danger of groaning; they were repeated, and grew louder, as if less carefully guarded against. She heard the rustling of her stiff silk dress—a discarded one of her lady's, in which she always appeared when she thought her dignity wanted helping out. She was hardly herself sufficiently to calculate on chances, but she guessed that her pockets were being searched for.

Thieves, then, were in the room! Well, they were better than ghosts, or even Nancy; they were welcome to all they could find, provided they left her alone. She recollected that she had heard it frequently related how people in her situation had escaped harm by feigning sleep; whereupon she began to imitate a snore, gently at first, and deepening into a good bass. The manoeuvre encouraged the thief or thieves; for, not having found what was wanted elsewhere, she felt a hand insinuate itself beneath her pillow, and draw forth the ample pocket in which she had secured the keys—those keys she had worn in the morning of that day with so much pride, and which were now bringing her into such peril. Her snore became a gasp—she lay half paralysed; she heard the jingling of the keys; yet, they were being taken—and the noises died away. The shutting of a door was the last sound that she heard, and that came so gradually as scarcely to convey its true source.

"So," she thought, after lying mute for hours, as it seemed to her, "they are gone." She ventured to raise her eyes from the clothes; the moonlight no longer rested on the door; she dared not seek farther. Overcome by her emotions and the exhaustion from terror, she fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake till the bright sunlight shone full and clear into her room, revealing some of the events of the night.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—IN THE THICK OF TIME.

ZILLAH raised herself in bed, and gradually awoke to the facts of the past night. Nothing struck her as changed in appearance but her silk dress, which she knew had been rifled, and which now measured its length on the floor.

"I see open de shutters," she exclaimed, getting out of bed. "Oh, dear! what night I hab!" She stood irresolute; should she venture into the next room?

"Missee Carey! Nancy! Missee Nancy!" she called, having drawn the bolt, but keeping the door in her hand. No voice answered. She peeped cautiously; no one was there.

Had she, then, been the thief, and decamped now with her booty? She hurried on her clothes, and went to tell her tale to the household. At her call the cook, with several in her train, appeared.

"Missee Cook!" cried Zillah, greatly excited, "hab you

"hear de robbers and murders in de night? Dey been to my room, take de keys out my bed?"

This was answered by a universal cry of "What robbers?"

"How I know? What 'bout de house and de doors? is um all right?"

Cook assured her there was nothing the matter in the house, but that the moment the hall-door was opened in the morning, Nancy Carey had walked out without speaking a word to any one.

"What! Missee Carey go way?" cried Zillah, rather relieved by the information. "Oh, dear! I'se lose de keys; and oh!!!" A cry most piercing followed this speech; for, returning to her lady's room with the servants after her, she found that all the drawers had been opened, and the plate-chest which stood there, emptied.

A general outcry was raised, and the confusion became very great. Cook declared it was no wonder, if Mrs. Zillah put such a woman to sleep in the room. Everybody knew the character of the Bay people.

"Missee Carey? How Missee Carey get de keys? How come troo de door? um bolt and lock on de inside."

They assured her she must be mistaken; she could not have locked the door.

She mistaken! She put it to them—would she have slept so near to Nancy without sufficient security between them?

Cook shook her head and looked very wise, and said it was no business of hers. If she'd been trusted with keys, she hoped she'd have minded them; but people knew their own affairs best, of course.

Zillah, though she could not take in the whole of these insinuations, understood enough to be almost choked with rage, and, between indignation and grief, was well-nigh distracted.

Not being very clear-headed at the best of times, she began to give credit to Nancy's being the thief. Though she knew perfectly well that the door had been well secured within, she did not attempt to reconcile these contradictory facts, but believed them both.

"Oh! what Ma'am Boyce tell me when she come home!" she kept exclaiming, wringing her hands, and sitting down among the disorder, first in one place, then in another. "Oh! why I lib to come to dis country!"

The news that the Rocky Heights had been robbed soon spread through Balla, and many visitors arrived during the day to see what was to be seen, and hear what was to be heard. Among the rest were Mrs. Slipley and 'Ailse.

Zillah bemoaned herself to these, being her equals. If her heart had broken for want of vent to its sorrows, she would not have uttered one word to cook, whom she felt that she never could nor would forgive for her cruel insolence.

Mrs. Slipley looked very grave when she heard of Nancy having been left to have the run of the room for a night, and Zillah's assurances that she only let her stay because she could not stir her were not enough.

"You see, mem, there's no conscience among the Bay folks: and we know that, and never trust 'em," she said, looking more censure than she spoke. "Mrs. 'Ailse here knows we never let 'em come too close. I'm sure you kept 'em at a distance when you lived here, didn't you?" she added, addressing herself to 'Ailse.

'Ailse had not much to say, but she grinned assent.

"And pray, mem, where is the woman?" inquired the housekeeper.

"What 'ooman? Missee Carey you mean? How I'se know? I'se nebber go away, out dis place."

"It's time some one *did* see after her," said the housekeeper, pompously. "It's such a pity that Mr. Goldison is out, and Mr. Marveldine too; but they must be sent for. Was there much plate in the box, mem?"

Zillah's weak point was touched. She enlarged with most ingenious flowery imaginings on the splendours of the plate, and magnified its value, which indeed was trifling, as Mr. Boyce had sent only a small portion for a quiet household's use till his return.

The housekeeper listened with interest. "Eight salts was there! and all standing on gold elephant's feet. Well, they must have been beautiful; and did you say twelve small ladles, or eight?"

Zillah didn't know what she had said before, but she immediately said, "Oh, *twelv*; we hab berry fine tings ob silber."

"Much clothes gone?" asked the housekeeper.

Zillah couldn't tell; she didn't mean to put anything to rights till her lady's return.

"Oh, dear! I don't agree with you there," said Mrs. Slipley, going to the bureau; "I should shut up all I could. Wouldn't you, Mrs. 'Ailse?"

But Zillah stepped between her and the disordered bureau, saying firmly, "No, Missee Slippy, you no put finger dere; dat show how de robbers leab it."

Mrs. Slipley retired, saying she had no wish to interfere; she *hoped* the robbers would be found out. She strongly advised a search after Nancy, and declared, after what had happened, she should not dare to leave the rectory till her master returned.

Zillah remained among the ruins, the picture of despair. She had no way of communicating with her mistress, who might not return for a week or more, and there was not then the easy-going letter-writing of the present day. Her literary accomplishments were, indeed, confined to her very limited stock of reading; and, to have saved the Rocky Heights *in toto*, or all England, or even "de ole country," she could not have written to summon her mistress back.

To add to her misery, the servants, stimulated by cook, threw out many hints as to the opinion Mrs. Boyce would have of her trustworthiness; so that, whenever she heard a step coming, she turned away in haste; she asked, with a humbled tone, if no one would go to look after Nancy, and see if she had taken the keys. "She all mad, berry mad," she kept saying, intermingled with "Oh, bad Missee Carey, berry bad 'ooman!"

All her appeals were answered with a laugh of derision. She was told she was the best person to look after her friend Nancy.

"Tink um got de keys!" she said to herself, returning to her room. "Smell de rum wid Missee Cook berry much; tink dey all make noise like de sailor when cap'in gib much rum."

In fact, she became almost sure that they had been drinking, and they could not have done that without the keys. This impression strengthened as she reflected on the excitement of manner prevailing, and it did not diminish her uneasiness, though it gave a new turn to her thoughts. Was Nancy in league with them?—Nancy, who seemed to be dead to everything living, and alive to the dead only. Could she have joined company with them in the outrage on her benefactress? She did not believe it—she could not.

As the evening drew on, her sadness of heart grew beyond bearing. How could she pass the night in that place of terror, among such evil companions? and yet, where could she go? Slipley had shown an unfriendly



spirit, and might refuse to shelter her. Besides, ought she to desert her post? not if she could keep it; but *could she?*

"It seben o'clock! If I got one friend, I no care; but I'se all lone;" and the tears fell fast on her smooth black hands, that were folded on her knee.

Mrs. Boyce's room looked over the sea on one side, and down upon the courtyard on the other. Zillah had a great aversion to the sea, which divided her, like an impossibility, from her dear home, never so dear as now; besides, she hated the dismal noise of the tide waves, dashing sometimes in thunders against the cliff, which, as she said, made her "shibber" even in the day-time. So she would not go to the window on that side, but perched herself at that which commanded the court. She had allowed the darkness to come on gradually, and now feared to move to get a light. She heard noises, loud voices, and peals of laughter from the lower part of the house, and feared almost every minute that she should be invaded by some one; but the sounds died away, and then she trembled with terror at the thought that she would be left alone for the night. Eight o'clock—nine struck, and she remained, growing less able to move as the need for it increased.

"Oh dat sea!" she sobbed. "What rumbly-bobbery noise 'um make! Um nebber, nebber stop!" Presently she listened instead of stopping her ears. "Dat not de sea! No, no—dat—dat—dat—I'se bound dat Ma'am Boyce!" And, as she almost shrieked out the words, the chaise, indeed, drove into the yard, containing Mrs. Boyce and little Violet. In a few seconds Zillah was frantically kissing her hands, and overwhelming her with a welcome almost worship-like.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—BACK STAIRS.

It was some time before Mrs. Boyce could soothe and quiet Zillah's agitation, so as to obtain from her any coherent account of what had happened. The confusion among the servants, who had not in the least expected her return for some days, was evident, and it became a doubtful question what would be the best thing to do; for, that the robbery had been committed, or, at any rate, assisted in by some of them, Mrs. Boyce felt certain.

Zillah, meanwhile, was hysterically happy. She had now passed suddenly from the depths of danger and misery to the very tip-top of safety and joy; and her exultation was too much for moderate expression. She laughed and cried in the same breath, walked about giving orders, and talked incessantly: "Now you lady come back; you, Missee Cook. You know now, ha! Tink you be sorry: berry good." With such little reminders she interlarded all her addresses to the several members of the offending household, who, as much as she had avoided them during the day, shunned contact with her now her hour of triumph was come.

It is necessary to explain the sudden apparition of Mrs. Boyce. The unexpected turn given to things by the declaration of Violet's heirship determined her to return to Balla without delay. She declared her intention of taking the superintendence of her education, if Mr. Boyce would permit it; and, leaving Mr. Marvelidine and her brother to wind up affairs in which she could render no assistance, she hastened home with her adopted child. To exhibit terror or distrust of her servants would, she knew, be imprudent; for she had no one at hand to protect her from them, and knew *not* where to go for help at that hour of the night. If the robbery had been committed by the Bay people in concert with them, her only hope of safety lay in not rousing

them to greater violence, perhaps setting fire to the house, by intimating her suspicions.

She summoned them all, therefore, made a slight examination, listened with apparent interest to their descriptions of Nancy's quitting the house, agreed openly in the opinion expressed by the cook that it was not right to leave her in the room alone, and remarked with calmness, at the close, that it would be well if some kept watch during the night, relieving one another by turns.

"Poor Nancy, we know, is not quite herself, and if she, in a crazy fit, were to return, she might alarm us with noises."

Zillah shook her head as her mistress said this, and muttered, "She no come back; she no do nuffin bad, not Missee Carey," at the same time twiddling her thumbs and rolling her eyes at the cook.

Mrs. Boyce affected not to notice this, and, ordering refreshments for the postilion in her usual manner, hoped to infuse confidence in them, and so far succeeded that they seemed to fall into their accustomed places, and proceeded, according to her suggestion, to arrange for the night watch.

"You shall sleep in the dressing-room to-night, Zillah. To-morrow we must apply for help to discover the truth of it all. To-night we must trust to be kept. Violet shall share my bed."

After saying this, Mrs. Boyce dismissed Zillah, and, having watched little Violet to sleep, put on a large wrapping-gown, and, stirring up the fire, seated herself by it in an easy chair. Excitement had gained the mastery over fatigue. She felt no inclination to sleep, but remained revolving the strange circumstances attendant on the robbery.

The empty plate-box, her rifled bureau, and the scattered articles of dress lying about the room, none of which she had allowed to be touched, gave a most desolate air to the scene, and the loud breathing of Zillah, who, perfectly at ease now, slept soundly, told her she was really alone in it. She was confident that Nancy, without accomplices, could not have made such havoc, and she was as sure that her mind was too much set on other things to allow her to concert such a scheme, while she believed she was sufficiently attached to prevent her from offering any injury to her. But soon the robbery, and all connected with it, passed from her thoughts, and one never absent subject asserted its claims on her memory and imagination. That dear fair-haired child, that fading lily that she had with so many tears and prayers intrusted to her brother's care, where was he? It was not often that she allowed herself to dwell on the question, so fraught with grief; but now her nerves, highly excited, refused to be calmed by reason, her heart bled as if the wound had been recent, and she wept abundantly.

Suddenly she became aware of a strong current of cold air from the direction of Zillah's room; her door had been left unclosed, and she concluded that to fasten it would remedy the evil. Fearful of awaking Violet, she stole softly towards it, and to her amazement beheld a figure standing by the bed. As there was no light in her own room except that of the fire, which was now dying down, and as Zillah burnt a taper, she was able to see distinctly all within. The figure was bending towards the head of the bed, the face turned from her; as she looked, it slowly rose. To move, to breathe, was impossible—she was riveted to the spot. It passed round behind the bed, leaving Zillah wholly unconscious of its near neighbourhood, while the flame of the taper, that had been strongly agitated by the draught, became quite

steady. Every moment she expected the return of the visitant; but it came not. After waiting long for it, she determined to go in and satisfy herself as to whether it was any living being or merely an illusion. Arming herself with the best weapon at hand, she went boldly but stealthily forwards, and advanced till she could see the whole recess behind the bed head: no one was there. Was it fancy? impossible; and yet what proof remained of the contrary? Knowing Zillah's superstition, she did not care to increase it by awakening her and relating the marvellous tale, though the sound of a voice would have been music in the dead silence of that night. The day dawned, however, and found her still watching and waking, though weary beyond description.

She had fallen into a doze at last, when Zillah rushed into the room exclaiming, "De keys! de keys! um in my pocket! I'se no hab dem when I'se go to sleep; oh, dear! what place dis is, what drefful house!"

Mrs. Boyce kept her own counsel, and asked her if she had not been mistaken about the loss of them. She was vehement, almost indignant, in maintaining her story; but the news went through the house, that Mrs. Zillah had found the keys in her pocket, and the laugh at her expense Mrs. Boyce did not think it expedient to check for the present. Not seeing the drift of this proceeding, poor Zillah had some difficulty in restraining her temper, and in her heart bitterly reproached her mistress with deserting her.

A few hours of sleep in the morning restored Mrs. Boyce, and she now looked anxiously for the return of her brother and his friend, having despatched a letter to them by the postilion that drove her home, to hurry their movements. Before evening they arrived, and with them two sheriffs' officers.

"Strange business this—very strange. So you heard no noise, any of you? Well, you know I am a magistrate, and I shall go through the business thoroughly," said Mr. Marveldine. "If anybody can throw light on the subject, such statements will be favourably received; but no mercy will be shown to any that are found obstinately concealing their concern in the affair."

A great change was immediately perceptible in the appearance of the servants, especially the cook. After a patient hearing of the whole, and inspection of the room, Mr. Marveldine said—

"We can do nothing before we have examined the fishwoman. Let her be brought."

No one moved. "Where is the gardener?" he asked. The gardener had been directed by the cook to take a holiday, and had accordingly not been at the Heights since his mistress's absence, which he had been led to expect would last much longer.

One of the officers, with the kitchen-maid as guide, went to Nancy's hut, but she was not there; her fish-basket hung on the wall; there was no sign of her having been in the house of late.

While they were gone, Mrs. Boyce described to Mr. Marveldine privately what she had seen in the night.

"Let us look at the room," he said; and, going immediately behind the bed, he began to sound the walls. Lifting his massive foot, he struck it with violence against one panel, which split.

"A sledge is what we want," he said; but, by inserting the iron bar of the shutter into the hole he had made, and using it as a lever, he so worked it that that portion of the wainscot began to slide aside.

"Ho, ho! Here you have it; a back staircase; very convenient, but rather draughty, no doubt," he cried, as, following the sliding motion, he drew back what was in fact a door, and displayed the head of a stone staircase.

## THE DEATH-TAX ON OUR TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

"WANTED."—A new Aborigines' Protection Society, which shall look after the interests of our own home aborigines, and see that they are neither carelessly sacrificed at sea, in leaky or unseaworthy bottoms, nor by the obstinacy or ignorance of unqualified captains, nor by the greed of speculating owners; that they are not blown away in mines, to spare the long pockets of coal-pit proprietors; that they are not "used up" systematically, like so much raw material, in ghastly contests with the agents of death; and that due care is taken for their preservation by limiting labour to reasonable hours, and by providing healthy workshops for the labourer.

It has been broadly stated that the number of seamen sailing from British ports every year who perish by wreck, by fire, by collisions, or by foundering, either off our own coasts or in foreign seas, amounts to little, if anything, short of two thousand. Such is the awful price we pay for our commercial supremacy at sea. How much of it would be avoidable, under such careful regulations and systematised plans as could be carried out, is an all-important question. The causes of many of the frightful disasters which startle us from time to time may be distinctly traced to the neglect of merely common-sense precautions. A huge vessel sets sail for the Antipodes, with hundreds of passengers on board, and sinks in the Bay of Biscay, because she was overloaded and deck-hampered, and ill found. And hundreds go down with her whose lives might have been spared, had due precaution been taken for encountering such weather as was almost sure to be met with in that latitude. Two vessels meet on a coasting voyage, one from the north, the other from the south of the island. They see each other while they are yet miles asunder. They are under steam, and may pass each other without approaching within cannon-shot if they choose; but they go blundering on, and crash into each other, one going to the bottom with half her passengers and crew, and the other forced to run in a crippled condition for the nearest harbour. Timber-ships start from Canada so heavily overburdened that their old seams gape after the first gale, when they would sink but for the floating power of their cargo; and, if they arrive in port at all, it is in a water-logged condition, with their crews half famished by cold and short commons. Many of them never arrive, but are numbered with "missing vessels," though some have been found as floating coffins in mid-ocean, the crews all dead, and the deserted hulks slowly drifting by currents till it is their fate to be ground to fragments among floating icebergs, or cast on shore to furnish fuel to the Greenlanders and Esquimaux. Colliers sail out of our Yorkshire and Northumberland ports, too crazy to contend even with a stiff breeze, and too short-handed for fair seamanship; and they dot the coast with wrecks, or go down like lead in the offing, and there is an end of them—no, not quite an end. The owners come upon the insurers to make good the loss, and, being indemnified, can turn their attention to a fresh venture. Now and then one hears of vessels leaving our shores with the sole purpose of getting to the bottom of the sea—sailing laden with sham cargoes, good only for sinking, and destined to be scuttled and abandoned when opportunity shall serve. And one wonders whether the villains who carry out such schemes are much worse than the grasping owners who, urged by greed for more wealth, despatch their

vessels highly insured on desperate chances, at the reckless risk of other people's lives.

Second only to the loss of life by shipwreck in its various forms, is the slaughter of victims in coal-mines, to which every passing year adds its tale of hundreds. To what extent these catastrophes are avoidable it is not perhaps easy to determine at the present moment; but we have something stronger than a suspicion that, under proper management, coal-mines might be rendered comparatively safe to the worker. The truth is that, through habit and familiarity with these species of industrial slaughter, we have come to regard with complacency a state of things which ought to fill us with alarm and horror. The employer of workmen, whether of five or five hundred, has no right to subject them to conditions in which their lives are continuously dependent upon their own or their comrades' carelessness. He is morally bound to see to it that they are not exposed to such conditions. It is absurd to suppose that, among several scores or hundreds of men, there will not at any time be one who is careless or imprudent; and it is monstrous to stake the lives of all upon the almost impossible contingency of the persistent and unfailing care and prudence of all. It is almost demonstrable that the mechanical aids and inventions relied on for safety have been too often a snare to the miner, inasmuch as they have led to a blind confidence where an ever-watchful mistrust is the best safeguard. It were better that Davy had never invented his safety-lamp, if that is to be regarded as a talisman to work miracles; and it is a question whether, useful as that invention was calculated to be, it has not had the effect of increasing rather than diminishing the number of those slain in mines—seeing that it is constantly intrusted to men who will practise no caution in the use of it, and whose neglect or foolhardiness proves fatal to others as well as themselves. The only real protection to the working coal-miner will be found, if it is ever found at all, in laws passed by the legislature which shall compel mine-proprietors to act with humanity and justice. No law, however, would have that effect which did not visit the results of an explosion, as far as it is possible to do so, upon the coal-owner himself. At present it pays the mine-proprietor better to work a foul pit with the risk of a blow-up, than it would to ventilate it to the point of safety; if a hundred men are blasted to death by an explosion, or choked by after-damp, that is *their* risk, not his; and, though we are far from saying that he does not care about it, we do say unreservedly that he does not care about it as he ought to care. Pass a law that shall make the risk *his*, and not entirely theirs—a law that should mulct him in four or five hundred pounds dead-end for each man killed, and we should hear little more of colliery explosions. It may be answered, that under such a law many of our mines would have to be shut up; doubtless many of them would cease work for a time; but their proprietors would soon find the means of ventilating them efficiently, and of resuming work under conditions of safety. It is but a question of expense, and all we are aiming at is the enforcing on proprietors the incurring of this expense, in order to spare the frightful expense of human life which they value at too low an estimate. It is not to be thought of that workings should be carried on at the distance of miles from an upcast shaft, and it is criminal, where human life is imperilled, to trust to any means of ventilation under such circumstances. There ought to be a definite limit to the workings, beyond which they should not extend without opening a fresh communication with the upper air.

Perilous as is the calling of the miner, there are yet industrial callings carried on above ground of a more certainly fatal character, and which, from some circumstances attending them, are even more distressing to a rightly-constituted mind. Such, among others, is the occupation of the dry-grinder, who, whether he grinds forks, or swords, or other like articles, has to breathe for many hours a day an atmosphere densely impregnated with the dust of steel, which gets into his lungs, and in the course of a few short years—it may be two or three, it may be five or six—inevitably slays him. The man knows his doom, and that doom and that knowledge are written in his face in lines that all may read; yet there he sits in front of his wheel drawing in death with every breath. What is it that fascinates him—that binds him with indissoluble bonds to a calling that is dragging him with such awful speed to his grave? It is simply the bribe of double wages—that, and nothing more: at common work, and at five-and-twenty shillings a week, he might live to be hale and hearty at three-score and ten; at the dry-grinding work, at fifty shillings a week, he will be a dead man in a few years, and he is quite aware of it. Yet he accepts the fatal work, because it yields him more money to spend, and never dreams of relinquishing it until his lungs are well-nigh gone, his strength fails him, he can no longer stand or sit at his wheel, and the "short life and a merry one" on which he prided himself comes to a sudden and ghastly close. Like him, inasmuch as he is hastening to a like fate, is the biscuit-glazer at the potteries, whose hands are perpetually sodden in a poisonous solution of lead, into which every product of the kiln has to be immersed to give it the vitreous glaze without which it would be but in a minor degree either useful or ornamental. The glazer of pots absorbs the deadly poison through the pores of the skin, and its fatal effects begin to show within a few months of his entering on the occupation. How long he may survive at the work will depend in part on the care he takes, in part on the strength of his constitution; but at the best he will not live out half his days. There is hardly a more melancholy spectacle to be seen in all our workshops than that of young girls employed, as we have seen them employed, at this work, who, just as they should be expanding into womanhood, grow haggard, and sallow, and lividly leaden in hue, and testify by their languid movements and the dreary forlornness of their expression how thoroughly their young lives have been blasted by the necessities, shall we call them?—we hardly believe it—of their calling.

Then there are the workers in quicksilver, most prominent among whom are the men employed in silvering the mirrors of all sizes for which there is so constant a demand. It is impossible at this occupation to avoid handling the mercury, the consequences of which are, sooner or later, most distressing and painful. Salivation and loss of teeth, carious bones, shrunk sinews, powerless limbs, lameness, leanness, frightful pains in the head, paralysis, partial or complete—such are some of the premonitory visitations heralding an untimely death, or a lingering decay, which the sufferer would be too glad to exchange for death.

The above are some of the more obvious items of the death-tax upon our commerce and industries; a round number might be cited in addition to these had we space for them, but we must glance now at some less obvious causes which, as they tend to shorten the worker's days, add their quota to the dreadful account. One of these causes is the long hours of toil which, under modern systems of doing business, are now inflicted



on the workman. Our forefathers knew little or nothing of this miserable evil, which indirectly is death to thousands. It came in with the modern improvements in machinery, and with the introduction, some five-and-forty years ago, of gas into the workshops. Exacted at first on the plea of emergency, it came by degrees to form a part of the regular system of transacting business. In modern working contracts there is no thought of the health of the workman—whatever can be done, no matter at what expense of health or comfort, is expected to be done as a matter of course; and an employer is rarely to be found who makes the physical well-being of his workmen an element in his calculations.

Akin to this evil is another, of which no one knows or can imagine the barbarity and the fatality save those who are subject to it. We refer to the localities in which men are often necessitated to work. Philanthropists have busied themselves of late years in investigating the state of the homes of the poor and labouring classes, and have done and are doing a good deal by way of improving them. But the philanthropist seldom thinks of exploring the innumerable workshops of the metropolis and other places, and inquiring under what circumstances men who work for their living have to pass their lives. When a poor fellow is dying in the hospital, it is agreed on all hands that he wants a thousand cubic feet of air, and we do our best to give it him; but we do not concern ourselves much about the fact that, when in health, he has to pass twelve, sixteen, eighteen hours a day, and very often the night into the bargain, in a working den where he has not a tithe of that necessary quantity. That a dozen grown men should ply their work in a garret ten feet square, and not ten feet high by a good deal—or in a cellar of like dimensions—where they are rapidly preparing themselves for the liberal allowance of the hospital—that fact scarcely moves our sympathies. We are horrified at the thought that two or three families should sleep in a single room, and we agitate for their better accommodation; but that fifty men should be working for a hundred hours a week in a crowded attic, the ceiling of which they can touch with their hands, is a thing that calls for no remark. We look to the sanitary condition of lodging-houses, and enforce the use of lime-wash and the practice of cleanliness; but the vilest dens, the filthiest of sties, are held to be good enough to work in, even though no attempt at lime-washing or cleanliness in any shape be made from one generation to another. In a word, we look on unconcernedly while employers, contracting with men for their labour, take their lives into the bargain, by subjecting them to influences under which their health must eventually succumb.

#### ISAAC TAYLOR.

##### I.

THE breadth and catholicity which distinguishes the religious literature of England is due, in no small degree, to the fact that so many of her most eminent theological writers have not, as in other countries, been ecclesiastics by profession. The freedom from the trammels of ecclesiastical position and authority has done much to promote vigour of thought and freedom of expression. In this succession of lay theologians the names of Sir Thomas Browne, Francis Bacon, John Milton, Robert Boyle, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge stand foremost. During the last thirty or forty years the chief place in this hierarchy of laymen has been occupied by Isaac Taylor, the well-known author of the "Natural History

of Enthusiasm," the first of a long series of eloquent and profoundly thoughtful works which have issued from the secluded retreat at Stanford Rivers, where the veteran recluse passed the last forty years of a laborious and useful life.

Isaac Taylor belonged to a family in which literary capacity has been hereditary. His grandfather, Isaac Taylor, the first of four who in lineal succession have borne that name, came to London in the early part of the last century, won for himself considerable repute as a copper-plate engraver, and assisted materially in developing and bringing to its present pitch of excellence the art of line engraving, at that time only in its infancy. He was the father of three sons—Charles, Isaac, and Josiah. Of Josiah Taylor all that need be said is, that he became eminent as a publisher of architectural and illustrated works, and realized a large fortune. The other two brothers demand a longer notice. Charles, the eldest, was the learned and indefatigable editor and translator of Calmet's "Dictionary of the Bible"—a fact which, in his lifetime, was known to few, owing to his reserved and secluded habits.

To this great and ably-achieved task Charles Taylor devoted the unwearied labours of fifty years. When quite a youth, he accidentally discovered, among the treasures of a second-hand book-stall, a copy of Calmet's "Dictionnaire Historique et Critique de la Bible." This work, the only one of the kind then in existence, immediately arrested his attention, and he very soon formed the resolve of bringing it out in English, appending to it the gleanings of his own studies in Biblical literature. At this task he toiled for fifteen years before he ventured to submit the first specimen of his labours to the judgment of the learned public. The unknown editor received abundant encouragement to go on, and five thick quarto volumes appeared in due course, and were speedily reprinted. In the year of his death a fifth edition of these quarters was carried through the press. The work had been produced anonymously, and the modest and unambitious editor persisted in retaining his secret to the end.

To the public and even to his own friends he was Charles Taylor, engraver, nothing more; and he considered it an impertinence and an intrusion if any one should question him on the subject of any presumed literary labours. If you called at his house, 108, Hatton Garden, where the parts were published, you might, if you had any valid reason for asking the favour, speak with Mr. C. Taylor, but of the editor of Calmet you would learn nothing.

In the sanctuary of his study, hidden from mortal sight, this mysterious editor was for ever concealed. Alas! that photography was not practised fifty years ago, that the man, his *deshabille*, and his surroundings, might have been preserved to us. His nephew, the subject of this memoir, thus describes him, when as a boy he was occasionally admitted into his study: "The whole scene baffles description—the tables, the library counters, the chiffoniers, the shelves, and the floor (who shall say if the floor had a carpet?) all heaped with books—books of all sizes and sorts; books open, books one upon another; books with a handful of leaves doubled in to keep the place; books in piles, which had slid down from chairs or stools, or had rested unmoved till a deep deposit of dust had got a lodgment upon them. Quires of proof-sheets and revises, lay here and there, folded and unfolded. On the table usually occupied by the writer there was just room for an inkstand, and for a folded sheet of demy or foolscap. But the genius of this chaos! he was no pale, sallow, nervous midnight-lamp-looking

recluse, or ghost. Not at all so, but a man then just past mid-life, powerful in bony and muscular framework, singularly hirsute, well limbed, well filled out, erect in walk, prominent and aquiline in feature, teeming, as one should say, with repressed energy; always equal to more work than he had actually in hand; never wearied or wasted

age, in 1824. Of the two sisters, Jane Taylor is by far the more widely known; her writings, though not perhaps possessing the force of her sister's, are distinguished by their delicate playfulness and their keen insight into the subtle springs of human character and motives. Of her prose writings, "Display; a Tale," has passed



ISAAC TAYLOR'S RESIDENCE AT STANFORD RIVERS.

in labour, but impatient to be 'at it' again." Such was the man; urbane and kind-hearted in his domestic circle, but never speaking on the subjects with which his brain was teeming, and ruled by a supreme devotion to the task he had undertaken. Content with the plaudits and praises of biblical scholars, his study, his books, and his work were enough for him, and he cared very little for mere literary notoriety.

His brother Isaac, also an artist and engraver, was a man of similar character. He also possessed unwearied industry and varied attainments in literature and science. These acquirements he devoted to the education of his numerous family. His two eldest children, Ann and Jane, were the authors of the widely known volumes of "Original Poems," "Nursery Rhymes," "Hymns for Infant Minds," and other similar works, which have found their way into so many families in England and America.

Ann Taylor, born in 1782, married the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, of Nottingham. Only within the last few months has she passed to her rest, full of years and respect, like a shock of corn fully ripe. She preserved to the last her bright and keen intelligence, and her power of poetical composition. Jane, the second daughter, delicate even from her birth, died at a comparatively early

through several editions; while "The Contributions of Q. Q.," a series of papers which originally appeared in the "Youth's Magazine," continue to this day to find a large circle of readers and admirers. Two of these papers, "The Discontented Pendulum," and "How it Strikes a Stranger," have been inserted in so many volumes of selections from English literature as to have become almost classical. Of the poems for children, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," "I Thank the Goodness and the Grace," "My Mother," "Pride, Ugly Pride," "Little Ann and her Mother," "Thank you, Pretty Cow, that made," and several more, are perhaps as widely known, wherever the English tongue is spoken, as any writings in the language, with the sole exception of the Bible, Shakespeare, and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The real services of these two wise and noble women to the young of three generations can hardly be appreciated in these days of sensational and ephemeral literature. They regarded the poetic talent that was in them as a sacred trust to be used for the good of others, and not as an amusement or a means of gain. They were actuated in writing by a purpose, not by any weak ambition; the good of those for whom they wrote was their great object, and they were nobly disregarding of the advantages of money or reputation which might



incidentally accrue to themselves; in short, they felt that theirs was a worthy vocation, and strove by every means to discharge it with conscientious diligence.

The father of these two gifted women lived for many

able theological attainments, distinguished himself by his exertions for the benefit of his poorer neighbours, and proved most acceptable as a cottage lecturer and lay preacher in the surrounding villages. After several



*Isaac Taylor*

From a photograph by F. S. Mann, Hastings.

years at Lavenham, a retired village in Suffolk, where he reared a numerous family, and where Isaac, his eldest son, was born in 1787. His wife was a singularly sensible and well-informed woman, and devoted herself most laboriously to the assistance of her husband in the education of their large family; late in life she also became an author, and her memoirs, written for her grandchildren, are remarkably interesting from their naïve simplicity and graphic description of home life.

For a long while Mrs. Taylor greatly disliked the idea of her daughters becoming authoresses: she had a prejudice common in those days against ladies appearing before the public in print. But literary honours were forced upon her girls, and she soon recognised their gifts and assented to what was evidently their true vocation.

At Lavenham, Mr. Taylor, who was a Nonconformist, and a man of high Christian character and consider-

years spent in labours of the kind, he was urgently requested to enter the Dissenting ministry—an invitation which after much hesitation he accepted, deeming it to be the call of Providence; and in 1796 he was appointed to the pastoral care of a congregation at Colchester, where the family remained for fourteen years, till, in 1811, Mr. Taylor removed to the little town of Ongar, in Essex.

His eldest son, Isaac, though meditative and thoughtful beyond his years, had the greatest difficulty in surmounting the first step of the ladder of learning. His mother, after fruitlessly attempting to teach him his letters, at last sent him in despair to a dame's school in the neighbourhood, where he was regarded for some time as a hopeless dunce. In common with several other members of the family, he was trained to his father's original profession. Almost his first undertaking was to design and engrave a series of illustrations to "Boydell's Bible."

These are highly prized by collectors, and are now not easy to obtain. Facsimiles of several of these designs have been engraved to illustrate the present memoir. But though, as these designs amply prove, he was gifted with much artistic genius and no inconsiderable powers of expression, yet the mechanical details of his profession were distasteful to his mind, and he soon abandoned these pursuits for the more congenial labours of stated authorship. The earliest ventures of his pen were published, in conjunction with his sisters, in some of those books for children which have enjoyed such an extensive popularity. But an entirely new direction was given to his literary tastes and pursuits (as in the case of his uncle Charles) by the accidental discovery of a copy of the works of Sulpicius Severus on a London book-stall, which turned his attention to the problems presented by the history and corruptions of the Christian Church, and led to the gradual accumulation of a library containing everything worthy of note in the whole range of patristic literature. A somewhat similar acquisition of a copy of Lord Bacon's treatise "De Augmentis," which occurred about the same time, gave a new direction to his studies. He became an enthusiastic admirer and student of the works of the great founder of our intellectual philosophy; and in the combination of these two lines of study, seemingly so incongruent—the Baconian and the patristic—may, I believe, be found the key to his whole literary life. Long after, he thus himself described his acquisition of the first of these books:—

"About five-and-forty years ago, it chanced that late one sultry afternoon I was going from shop to shop in Holborn and Middle Row, among the dealers in old books. I was inquiring for some volume, I forget what, not very often asked for. The young man behind the counter, to whom I put my question, was perhaps busy in attending to a more important customer; and then it is likely that he had to make search for the book I had named upon some out-of-the-way shelf of the back shop. Meantime, there was on the counter a volume of which I then knew nothing. I took my seat, and, just to pass away the time, I opened and read up and down in this volume. The neat, perspicuous style of the writer was its first charm, but then the substance and the animus of the book were a still greater attraction. Until that summer evening I had believed that I knew as much perhaps of Church history as there could be any need to know. I had read or had listened to Mosheim and Milner, and perhaps a book or two beside; but, if so, and if it be Church history in its reality—that is contained and treated of in those heavy books—if so, then what may be the meaning of this book? To me this casual reading was the sudden lifting up of a veil, so that the veritable things of the third and fourth century might be gazed at and rightfully understood; and so an inference might be gathered. I do not now remember whether the young man at the shop in Middle Row found the volume I had first asked him for; but it is certain that I eagerly paid him his price for a copy of the extant writings of Sulpicius Severus. This book is now on my table; a little book it is, but it has been the harbinger of many folios."

About the year 1818, his friend Josiah Conder, who was at that time the editor of the "Eclectic Review," induced him to become a stated contributor to that periodical, which was then at the zenith of its fame, numbering as it did among its most zealous literary supporters the names of Robert Hall, John Foster, and Olinthus Gregory.

During this time he had been living at Ongar, in his father's house, a picturesque old place called the Castle House, in the garden of which stood the castle

mound, surrounded by a deep moat, and surmounted by the ruins of the ancient fortress.

But too close confinement to his books, and too zealous prosecution of his literary labours, brought on a state of confirmed ill-health. His life was almost despaired of, and, as a last resource, he was ordered into the milder climate of Devonshire. He was accompanied by his sister Jane, whose health had never been robust, and who had always been the chosen companion of her brother, and the sharer of his thoughts. The year or two which they passed in Devonshire completely restored his health—the threatening symptoms of decline passed away—and for thirty years he never knew a day's illness. It was otherwise with his sister—her health declined, and she died in 1824, at the age of thirty-nine.

She had constituted her brother Isaac her literary executor, and the guardian of the unpublished papers which she left behind her. To prepare these for publication was a labour of love, and the poetical remains, accompanied by a memoir and selections from her correspondence, were published in the year 1825. A few years before his death, this memoir was rewritten by the author, and is now advertised for speedy publication as a portion of a volume entitled "The Family Pen."

This memoir of his sister was not, however, his earliest work. In 1822, two years before her death, at the age of thirty-five, he had made his first independent literary venture. This was a small educational volume, which had been suggested mainly by his Baconian studies, and was entitled "Elements of Thought." It was intended to teach the first rudiments of mental philosophy. The volume was not unsuccessful, having passed through several editions in its original form. A few years ago it was entirely re-cast, and published as an essentially new work, under the title of "The World of Mind." This first essay was succeeded by a much larger and more costly volume, a translation of the Characters of Theophrastus, accompanied by pictorial renderings of the characters, drawn and etched by the translator.

In the year 1825 an event took place which added greatly to the happiness of his life, and filled up, to some extent, the blank left by the death of his sister Jane, in the previous year. This was his marriage to Elizabeth Medland, the "young friend" to whom are addressed many of the letters in the latter part of Jane Taylor's published correspondence.

During the thirty-five years of her married life, she proved herself a true and noble woman, a devoted wife, a fond yet most judicious mother, and the beloved friend and counsellor of her cottage neighbours.

In preparation for his marriage, Mr. Taylor had established himself at Stanford Rivers, a secluded country village, distant some two miles from his father's residence at Ongar. This house, which was to be the scene of his literary labours and of his silent meditations for more than forty years, was not unfitted for the retreat of a literary recluse. It was a rambling, old-fashioned farm-house, standing in a large garden. It commanded a somewhat extensive view of the numerous shaws, the well-timbered hedge-rows, and the undulating pastures, which are characteristic of that part of Essex; while, at the distance of about half a mile from the house, and in full view from its windows, the little river Roden meanders through the broad meadows. The house was speedily adapted to its new purposes. Barns and other farm outbuildings were pulled down, the garden was replanted and laid out afresh, with a characteristic provision of spacious gravel walks for meditative purposes.

Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Taylor published two companion volumes, which mark the direction his studies

had been taking. The first, "The History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times," was followed by "The Process of Historical Proof." These books form an answer to what may be called the literary scepticism of writers like the Jesuit Hardouin and his school, and show the grounds on which a rigorous criticism may accept as genuine the various remains of ancient literature, and more especially those documents which are comprised in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. After an interval of more than thirty years, these two volumes were recast and republished as a single work.

As these volumes are perhaps less known than most of the author's writings, we will give an extract from the former, showing that at this early period, and when comparatively unknown as a writer, he was not only a master of that nervous and forcible style by which he was afterwards distinguished, but that he already possessed that power of philosophical analysis, and that fondness for the solution of the religious problems presented by history, which have made his works such favourites with a large class of thoughtful readers.

This passage shows also in a marked manner the influence of that artistic training which had occupied his earlier years, and contains a sort of prevision of passages that occur in his later works. It deals with the corroborations of the accounts of ancient historians, which may be drawn from a study of the art of different nations:—

"The exquisite forms of the Greek chisel declare that the superstition they embodied, though frivolous and licentious, was framed more for pleasure than for fear; that it was rather poetical than metaphysical. They do not indicate that the religious system of the people was sanguinary and ferocious, or that it was the engine of priestly despotism. One would imagine that the ministers of these deities were more the servants of the people's amusements than the tyrants of their consciences, property, and persons.

"The Grecian sculptures give proof that the superstition to which they belonged, however false or absurd it might be, was open to all the ameliorations and embellishments of a highly-refined literature. The sacred sculptures of India are undisguised and significant representations of the horrid vices enjoined and practised by the priests. But the lettered taste of the Greeks taught their artists to invest each attribute of evil with some form of beauty. The hideousness of the vindictive passions must be hid beneath the character of tranquil power, and the loathsomeness of the sensual passions veiled by the perfect ideal of loveliness. Art, left to itself, does not adopt these corrections, nor do the authors of superstitious systems ask for them. There must be poetry, there must be philosophy at hand, to whisper cautions to the wantonness of art."

He then proceeds to point out the lessons to be learnt from the study of Egyptian architecture:—"The stupendous remains which still lead the traveller to the banks of the Nile attest, in the first place, the unbounded wealth affirmed by historians to have been at the command of the Egyptian monarchs—a wealth derived chiefly from the extraordinary fertility of the country, which, like the plains of Babylon, yielded a three-hundred-fold return of grain. The mouths of the Nile became the centre of trade between the Eastern and Western world; and that river, after depositing a teeming mud in one year, bore upon its bosom, in the next, the harvest it had given, for the supply of distant and less fertile regions. Nor was the industry of the people—numerous beyond example—wanting to improve every advantage of nature. But for whom was this unbounded wealth amassed?

Under whose control was it expended? The testimony of historians coincides with that of the existing ruins in declaring that a despotism, political and religious, of unexampled perfection, and very unlike anything that has since been seen, disposed of the best surplus products of agriculture and of commerce. Under these circumstances, the master of Egypt could hardly do otherwise than expend his means upon extensive structures. Such a degree of scientific skill in masonry as belongs to a middle stage of civilization, in which the human faculties are but half developed, is what the accounts of historians would lead us to expect; and it is just what these remains actually display. There is some science, but there is much more of cost and labour. The works undertaken by the Egyptian builders were such as a calculable waste of human life would complete, but not such as demand the mastery of practical difficulties by high efforts of mathematical genius. They could rear pyramids, or excavate catacombs, or hew temples from solid rocks of granite, but they attempted no works like those executed by the artists of the Middle Ages. For to poise so high in air the fretted roof and slender spire of a Gothic minster required a *cost of mind* greater than was at the command of the Egyptian kings.

"A mound of earth, one foot in height, satisfies that feeling of our nature which impels us to preserve from disturbance the recent remains of the dead. But a pyramid five hundred feet in height was not too tall a tomb for an Egyptian king! The varnished doll, into which the art of the apothecary converted the carcass of the deceased monarch, must needs rest in the deep bowels of a mountain of hewn stone. More complete proof of the utter subjugation of the popular will in ancient Egypt cannot be imagined than that afforded by the fact, that so much masonry was piled for such a purpose. The pyramids could never move the general enthusiasm of the people. They could only gratify the crazy vanity of the man at whose command they were reared. These tapering quadrangles, as they were the product, so they may be viewed as the proper images, of pure despotism. Vast in the surface it covers, and the materials it combines, the prodigious mass serves only to give towering altitude to—a point.

"The plains of Greece are burdened by no huge monuments whose only intention is to crush the common feelings of a nation beneath the weight of one man's vanity; but temples, the property of all—temples free from the characters of gloom and ferocity, adorned the whole face of the country.

"A more striking point of contrast cannot be selected than that presented by a comparison of the human figures attached to the Egyptian temples with those that decorate the Grecian architecture. The Grecian caryatides assume the utmost liberty, ease, and variety of position which may comport with the burdensome duty of supporting the pediment; they give their heads to the mass of masonry above them, not with the passiveness of slaves, but with the alacrity of free persons. The Egyptian figures stand like the personifications of unchanging duration; but of the Grecian, one might think that they had but just stepped from the merry crowd, and were themselves pleased spectators of the festivities that are passing before them."

The researches connected with a new and annotated translation of Herodotus, which Mr. Taylor published at this time, seem to have suggested an anonymous work of fiction entitled "The Temple of Melekhartha." This book, the authorship of which was never avowed, stands alone among the productions of its writer, with great imaginative and pictorial power, it attempts to



reproduce the characteristic features of the pre-historic civilization of the Tyrian race at the period of the traditional migration from the Persian Gulf to the Syrian coast. The work is pervaded by a deep ethical purpose, striving as it does to develop the untrammelled workings of enthusiasm, fanaticism, and spiritual despotism, and their baneful results on the destinies of nations.

Hitherto Mr. Taylor as an author had only been moderately successful. His works, though well received by the public, had excited no marked sensation; but at length, at the age of forty-two, he discovered the direction in which the true bent of his genius lay. The "Natural History of Enthusiasm," with which the author's name is perhaps now chiefly associated, was published anonymously in the month of May 1829. This work was a sort of a historico-philosophical elucidation of those social and religious problems which had come into prominence in that age of political and ecclesiastical revolution in which it first appeared. It was written with such freshness of thought and vigour of language as at once to place the unknown writer in the front rank of contemporary literature. The book rapidly ran through eight or nine editions, and still continues to have its readers and admirers.

#### DROLL SIGNBOARDS.

THERE is a class of signs of an odd and unintelligible description, not a few of which are standing puzzles, whilst others are rather of the nature of enigmas, requiring very little thought for their solution. Many of them are of the comic, droll, and humorous sort; these, for the most part, having some quaintly satirical superscription appended to them. We shall, in this article, take a glance at some of these oddities, and do what in us lies towards explaining the mystery that enwraps them, where mystery there is.

One thing that often strikes the wayfarer in his wanderings through the high-roads and by-roads of the land is the strange and incongruous combination of objects which frequently go to make up the sign of a public-house or tavern—objects which appear to have, and which really have, no imaginable affinity with each other, and which, in point of fact, are never, under any circumstances, seen together, or even thought of together, except upon a sign or signboard. Such, for instance, are the *Hawk and Buckle*, the *Hammer and Crown*, the *Lion and Horseshoe*, the *Lamb and Breaches*, the *Cat and Salutation*, the *Sugarloaf and Coffin*, the *Mitre and Dove*, and some hundred or two of other unsympathizing couples which one sees lugged away from their natural associations and joined together, as it were, in spite of themselves, on the signboard. The explanation of these odd and arbitrary conjunctions is simple enough. They owe their origin, as can be proved in the case of many of them, to the practice of quartering signs; that is, of adding one sign to another, and making but one of the two—an expedient which would naturally be had recourse to under certain circumstances. Thus, supposing a man to have kept for years a tavern called *The Hawk*, and afterwards to buy up a rival tavern called *The Buckle*, it might answer his purpose to shut up one of them if he could draw all the custom, or the chief part of it, to the other; and it would certainly help him to do so if he should retain both signs in one. Thus we should have the *Hawk and Buckle*, and from such a train of circumstances, variously modified, it is plain that we might have any other absurd association of discordant objects.

But this explanation must not be taken for more than it is worth. There are couples figuring together on signboards which really have an affinity, although nothing of the kind is apparent to the casual spectator. There is the *Cat and Fiddle*, for instance, a very favourite sign, which is to be met with all over England. Now cats do not play the fiddle, whatever the nursery rhyme may assert to the contrary; but then, cats are *mewsical*, and a kit is a small fiddle as well as a small cat, and so the kinship is made out. Again, there is the *Boy and Tun*. We do not usually associate in our minds a boy with a huge barrel holding a couple of hogsheads; but when we call to mind some fine painting by Rubens or Titian, where the boy Bacchus, vine-crowned, and his plump cheeks smirched with the blood of the grape, is seen striding a wine-cask, we perceive the propriety of the association at once. Once more, there is the *Bull and Bedpost*, presenting to the mind no conceivable point of union between the two, but which becomes quite appropriate and intelligible the moment we learn that the bedpost is but another name for the stake to which the bull was tied in the cruel days of bull-baiting. Thus it will be seen that one should be in no hurry to conclude that a sign, however incongruous it may appear at first sight, has no significance.

A class of signs sufficiently puzzling are those that, in the course of long years, during which they have been painted out and painted in, have become so altered and corrupted that it is all but hopeless to endeavour to determine what they were originally. At the head of these we may place the *Bell Savage* at Ludgate Hill, which has been a puzzle to anybody for some two centuries past. Stow traces the designation to one Isabella Savage, who, he says, gave the house to the Company of Cutlers. Addison, in the "Spectator," corrects Stow. He says the name should be *La Belle Sauvage*, he having met with that name as the title of an old French romance, after which he assumes the inn to be called. But Addison's correction, after the lapse of a century, is corrected in its turn, and we learn from Messrs. Larwood and Hotten that the *Bell Savage* is a combination of two signs, the tavern having anciently been called the *Savages' Inn*, or the *Bell on the Hoop*; and this correction, borne out as it is by an authentic record, we are disposed to accept as final.

Another London sign which has undergone a transformation still more complete was the old *Bull and Mouth* (now the Queen's Hotel), which was originally Boulogne Mouth (Harbour). For generations the signboard showed a head of a bull with a huge gaping mouth, and the inscription, which is still legible, states that

"Milo, the Cretan, an ox slew with his fist,  
And ate him up at a meal. Oh, what a glorious twist!"

The critical reader will hardly fail to observe that the design and the legend were not in strict accordance; because, looking to the "glorious twist," it was Milo's memorable mouth that should have been represented, and not that of the bull, who had the worst of it.

Among the many corruptions that might be classed with the above we may point out the *Bag o' Nails*, common in country places, which was originally the *Bacchanalians*; the *Cat and Wheel*, which was the *Catharine Wheel*; the *Lubber's Head*, originally the *Leopard's Head*; the *Goat and Compasses*, derived, it is said, from the motto, "God encompasseth us;" and the *Pig and Carrot*, corrupted, whimsically enough, from the French *pique et carreau* (spade and diamond, at cards).

How far these corruptions have gone, and to what

extent the numberless unintelligible and arbitrary signs now to be found in England owe their existing forms to gradual processes of change and degradation, it is not possible to ascertain; it is sufficiently plain, however, that this cause alone must have had a prodigious influence in the course of centuries in changing the designations of our wayside inns and taverns.

Of the inscriptions or legends appended to signs, with or without signboards, there is no end, and enough of them might be collected to fill a decent volume. Some of them show considerable cleverness as well as humour of a broad kind; but with the mass of those which venture on a joke, the joke is of that description which "gentle dulness loves," and is hardly calculated to kindle the wit of others. The inscriptions mostly have one of two objects in view (when, indeed, they have not both)—either to entice the traveller within the hospitable walls, or to impress upon the customer the fact that, to be a welcome guest, he must come with money in his pocket. Sometimes, if the proprietor has a smattering of learning, he is tempted to make a display of it on his sign; and it was not uncommon forty or fifty years ago to see a quotation from Horace or Juvenal written in modest characters beneath some heraldic or classical hieroglyph. There stood, about the close of the last century, on the road between London and Harwich, a snug hostel under the auspices of the royal effigies, which thus appealed to the traveller:—

"N'esta casa havereto  
Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez :  
Vinum bonum, coctus carnis,  
Coach and chaise, and horse and harness."

We may presume that the landlord was an old traveller, not untinctured with "the humanities," and capable of exchanging courtesies with his continental guests. But the landlord of to-day takes a lower flight, and, for the most part, contents himself with looking well after the main chance, arming himself at all points against credit, which he rightly regards as the worst foe of his prosperity.

The gentlest of the direct hints held out to the thirsty customer is the sign of *The Bird in the Hand*, which, while it shows the landlord's regard for "cash down," has the force of a useful maxim, available to the general public. But it is usual to speak with the utmost plainness on this tender subject; and all sorts of devices are had recourse to, to impress the duty of prompt payment on those who drink. One odd device, to be met with abroad as well as here, is a tombstone, with a mortuary inscription, bewailing the lamentable death of Credit, who met with his untimely end from Bad Paymasters. Another is the picture of a dead dog, with a legend, "Here lies poor Trust, killed by Bad Pay." Some of these admonitory notices seem to "palter in a double sense," as if they held out the promise of credit at a future time. "Drink," says one of them, "and drown your sorrow: pay me now, and I'll trust to-morrow;" and this delusive prospect of a beatified morrow, that never comes, is expressed in a hundred different ways, both in town and country. It is often seen inside the taproom as well as on the signboard without, and is in harmony with the time-honoured posy on the lid of the tobacco-box—"A good halfpenny pay before you fill, or forfeit sixpence—which you will;" not that all taproom tobacco-boxes leave the alternative to the option of the smoker; it is found more prudent in some districts to adopt a patent contrivance, by which the lid of the box can only be opened by pushing the coin against a strong spring, the coin disappearing as the lid flies up.

The principal reason why the landlord abominates

credit is, that casual drinkers are apt to "sell him," as the phrase goes, for the amount of their debt, as soon as he ceases to trust them. Men addicted to run up scores never pay until they are obliged, and when the screw is applied at one house, will run off to another, until, at length, they have shut against themselves all the tap-rooms of the neighbourhood.

The baits used to attract the drinker's custom are, in cities and large towns, as various as the signs. The story of the barber who kept a beer-shop and wrote up over his door

"What! do you think  
I shave for a penny and give you some drink?"

and who, when his customers looked for their draught after their shave, bade them attend to their punctuation, found a parallel in the cunning of a Westminster publican, who exhibited a placard offering to everybody

"Eightpence and a pot of beer for a shilling."

and performed his promise by giving the expectants eight penny-pieces and the liquor on receiving the shilling. He was a big, brawny fellow, by the way, and not a tempting subject to quarrel with.

Not the least singular of the signs in vogue in a past day were those painfully elaborated by a process of punning upon the proprietors' names. This practice prevailed greatly at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it was rebuked by a writer in the "Tatler," who declares that he has "several arguments ready to prove that he cannot be a man of honour who is guilty of this abuse of human society." Such a sweeping censure, however, had little effect in abating the practice, which has survived even to our own time. Many of these punning signs were the merest stupidities. Thus, *Morton* was expressed by the syllable *mor* upon a tun; *Pigot* by a magpie upon a goat; *Harebottle*, by a hare upon a bottle, and so on, *usque ad nauseam*, and a great way beyond. Somewhat more bearable were such combinations as a Hand and a Cock for *Handcock*; a bolt through a tun, or Bolt in Tun, for *Bolton*; a fountain for Mr. *Drinkwater*; a harp for Mr. *Harper*; and the Three Pigeons for *Bat Pidgeon*, the barber immortalized in the "Spectator." Perhaps the best of the puns of this sort was that of one Farr, a tobacconist, who lived on Fish Street Hill, who wrote up over his door "*The best tobacco by Farr*," and is said to have gathered a good trade by the device. There was a publican in Bath a few years ago (a huge, portly fellow of the name of Britain) who, following this man's example, whether consciously or not we cannot say, wrote large over his door, "The best ale Great Britain can produce," and found his account in it.

The authors of the "History of Signboards" point to a few of the punning signs that still remain. "At Oswaldtwistle, near Accrington, a man named Bellthorn has the *Bell in the Thorn*; at Warbleton, in Sussex, an old public-house has the sign of a war-bell in a tun, which sign of *The Axe and Tun* is further intended as an intimation to 'axe for beer.' Another innkeeper, named Abraham Lowe, who lives half-way up Richmond Hill, near Douglas, in the Isle of Man, has the following innocent attempt at punning on his name:—

"I'm Abraham Lowe, and half-way up the hill,  
If I were higher up, what's funnier still,  
I should be *lows*. Come in and take your fill,  
Of porter, ale, wine, spirits, what you will;  
Step in, my friend, I pray, no further go;  
My prices, like myself, are always low."

It may have occurred to the reader that the manufacture of obstinate puns of the kind here noticed was not peculiar to publicans and shopkeepers, but that they probably derived their idea originally from the printers

and publishers, who seem to have indulged in such laboured devices and attempts at humour almost from the very first, as shown by their grotesque hieroglyphs on title-pages, and queer colophons at the ends of books. Ancient usage has given a sort of sanction to this custom, which of late years has revived to a considerable extent. Numbers of new books now appear which counterfeit the semblance of old ones, by the display of the old ribbed paper, the old lean-faced type, and a return to the childish pictorial punning of centuries back.

### THE SEVERE FROST OF JANUARY.

BY EDWIN DUNNIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

THE year 1867 commenced with one of those meteorological surprises which take place at irregular intervals, and which prove that the laws of the science are still comparatively unknown. The devoted observer of facts may accumulate materials from year to year, he may analyse and discuss them under all manner of assumptions, and certain general laws may even be apparently resolved; but sudden outbursts, similar to the great London snow-storm of January 2, plainly show that much has yet to be done before meteorology can be included among the exact sciences.

In the north of England the first day of the year was an intensely cold day. At Wakefield the temperature of the air fell as low as  $5^{\circ}$ , or  $27^{\circ}$  below the freezing point. In London a little snow fell on that day; the evening, however, was remarkably clear and frosty. On the 2nd, at 5h. a.m., snow began to fall, continuing more or less, without intermission, till 2h. 40m. p.m., accompanied by a piercing east wind. At noon the snow covered the ground of London and immediate suburbs with an average depth of eight or ten inches. There was a uniform depth of ten inches at Greenwich; but in certain portions of the park, through which the writer had occasion to pass, drifts were found twenty inches deep. This snow-storm, the greatest which has visited the London district for many years, appears to have travelled from the north, passing over the eastern part of England, and reaching Paris on the succeeding day.

The usual radiation of heat from the earth's surface being prevented by the non-conducting power of the dense mass of snow which covered it, low temperatures should follow as a matter of course, though it is only on rare occasions that anything analogous to those recorded in the first week of 1867 is exhibited. As an illustration, we may state that experiments have been made on the conducting power of heat of different substances, snow included, from which it has been found that snow is such a perfect non-conductor, that the loss of heat by radiation from bodies covered by it is scarcely perceptible, and that it also prevents the loss of heat from such bodies by conduction, when their temperature is higher than that of the surrounding air. By this means any injurious effects on vegetation produced by intense cold are prevented, as, whatever the temperature of the air may be, that of snow is never more or less than  $32^{\circ}$ .

The lowest daily temperatures registered at Greenwich from January 1 to 5 are as follows:—January 1,  $21^{\circ}8$ ; January 2,  $15^{\circ}0$ ; January 3,  $10^{\circ}4$ ; January 4,  $8^{\circ}9$  at 9h. a.m., and  $7^{\circ}7$  at midnight; January 5,  $6^{\circ}6$  at 3h. a.m. The temperature remained below the freezing point of water from Monday, December 31, till midnight of Saturday, January 5. The coldest day throughout the twenty-four hours was January 4, the mean temperature being only  $13^{\circ}5$ , or  $23^{\circ}$  below the average.

To obtain a proper conception of the intense cold

during this first week of the year it will be necessary to make a comparison of the extreme low temperatures observed, with corresponding ones recorded in a preceding frost. We need not go farther back than 1860, for most of us can remember the Christmas Day of that year, when the minimum temperature at Greenwich was  $8^{\circ}0$ . On the morning of this day minute frozen particles of moisture were deposited on the branches of every tree to a depth of an inch or more. On Friday, January 4, 1867, a similar deposit took place, but to a slightly less extent.

In London no reading of the thermometer in 1860 or 1867 was recorded below zero, although there are numerous instances of lower readings in the distant suburbs and in different parts of the country. This is owing to the naturally higher temperature of London proper, arising from the influence of the dense population, and also from the proximity of the river Thames, which in cold weather is always comparatively warm. The effect of the river on the local temperature at Greenwich has been frequently recorded in times of severe frost. Corresponding readings of thermometers placed at the "Dreadnought" hospital ship, Royal Observatory, and Blackheath, show clearly that the temperature sensibly decreases according as the station is farther from the river.

The following observations of low temperatures in December 1860, and during the first week of January 1867, may be considered as a fair comparison of the severity of the cold at these two periods. From a cursory glance at the figures, it is evident that the extreme temperatures were lower in 1860, and that the frost in that year was more severe than in 1867; but the intensity was of shorter duration. In the late frost, however, lower readings of the thermometer were recorded at several places in the Thames valley, the same localities being visited with the greatest cold as in the remarkable frost of January 1838.

Minimum Temperature, 1860.		Minimum Temperature, 1867.	
	Degs.		Degs.
Cheadle, Staffordshire . . .	$-15^{\circ}0$	Datchet, Berkshire . . .	$-8^{\circ}0$
St. Neots, Huntingdonshire . .	$-12^{\circ}6$	Staines, Middlesex . . .	$-7^{\circ}0$
Saffron Walden, Essex . . .	$-12^{\circ}0$	Wallingford, Berkshire . .	$-5^{\circ}0$
Chateworth, Derbyshire . . .	$-12^{\circ}0$	Cobham, Surrey . . .	$-4^{\circ}9$
Bedale, Yorkshire . . .	$-11^{\circ}0$	Winchmore Hill, Middlesex .	$-4^{\circ}0$
Brigg, Lincolnshire . . .	$-11^{\circ}0$	Maidenhead, Berkshire . .	$-3^{\circ}0$
Long Stratton, Norfolk . . .	$-10^{\circ}0$	Hammersmith, Middlesex .	$-3^{\circ}0$
Greenwich, Kent . . .	$+8^{\circ}0$	Greenwich, Kent . . .	$+7^{\circ}8$
Greenwich (on long grass) . .	$+2^{\circ}0$	Greenwich (on long grass) .	$+5^{\circ}0$

On comparing the temperature of London for the week ending January 5, 1867, with that of other places in a higher latitude, as given in the daily meteorological reports of the Board of Trade, we find that on the 3rd London was returned as having enjoyed a temperature of  $18^{\circ}$  at 8 a.m.; while at Leith the thermometer did not fall below  $26^{\circ}$ ; and at Holyhead  $38^{\circ}$ . On the 4th the readings were  $9^{\circ}$ ,  $30^{\circ}$ , and  $32^{\circ}$  degrees; and on the 5th,  $19^{\circ}$ ,  $31^{\circ}$ , and  $31^{\circ}$  respectively. The extreme west of England was also warmer on these days, the corresponding readings of a thermometer at Penzance being  $36^{\circ}$ ,  $37^{\circ}$ , and  $45^{\circ}$ .

As a further comparison of the extreme cold of January 4 of this year with that recorded during previous severe frosts, we gather from the tables of average daily temperatures of the last fifty years at Greenwich that only four days have been colder throughout the twenty-four hours. The dates and observed mean temperature are as follows:—

	Mean Temperature.
	Degs.
1816, February 9 . . .	$12^{\circ}8$
1838, January 19 . . .	$15^{\circ}4$
1838, January 20 . . .	$10^{\circ}7$
1841, January 8 . . .	$12^{\circ}3$
1867, January 4 . . .	$13^{\circ}5$



The intense frost of January 20, 1838, was that predicted by Murphy; a happy coincidence which served to increase the sale of his almanac to an extent which no ordinary advertising would have been able to effect. The writer, who happened at this time to be a passenger on board a Calais steamboat, remembers well the great difficulty experienced in forcing a passage for the vessel through the ice from London Bridge to Blackwall.

The thaw which succeeded the first frost of 1867 came on quite unexpectedly. Soon after midnight of Saturday, January 5, at which time the temperature was about the freezing point, a violent storm of hail and rain took place. The effect of this was to cause a considerable increase in the temperature, which reached on Monday to 54° F. The suddenness of the thaw produced a very curious phenomenon, which was noticed by several persons. The five days of intense cold, culminating with the severity of that on January 4 and 5, caused, in the absence of a fire, the temperature of the external parts of the interior walls of private houses to fall below 32°. When the suddenly-heated exterior air first found its way into the inside of the house, on coming in contact with the cold walls, a deposition of moisture took place, which, in its turn, was speedily frozen, forming crystals or spicula. These remained until the walls had become heated above 32°. Crystals, or spicula, are only seen in sudden thaws after a period of frost more than usually severe; in general the deposition of moisture gradually accumulates until it finds its way to the floor, or becomes evaporated.

The few days which succeeded this great frost were remarkable for their high temperature, accompanied by low atmospheric pressure and heavy gales. On January 8 a wind-pressure, equal to thirty-five pounds on the square foot, was recorded at Greenwich.

On the evening of Friday, January 11, frost again set in, continuing with more or less intensity till the night of Tuesday, January 22. It will be long remembered on account of the calamitous accident in the Regent's Park, on January 15, when more than forty persons lost their lives by a sudden breaking up of the ice. During the eleven days of the continuance of this frost, the temperature at Greenwich never rose higher than 34° F., while the lowest readings of the thermometer at night ranged between 28° and 14°. This second frost was general over Great Britain and Ireland, and was particularly severe in the extreme west of England. The fall of snow in the provinces was unusually great, especially in East Kent, Cornwall, Yorkshire, and Scotland. Between Ashford and Dover railway traffic was suspended; and, as the corresponding traffic on the other side of the Channel was similarly impeded, the continental mails were delayed more than two days. Snow-drifts were found in some places nine or ten feet deep. In Yorkshire several goods trains were snowed up, nothing being visible but the top of the engine-funnel.

On Tuesday, January 22, a few hours before the breaking up of this second frost, a very remarkable circumstance occurred in and near London. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening a slight shower of rain fell, accompanied by hail and sleet, which froze immediately it reached the ground. Every object was soon coated over with a sheet of ice of a uniform thickness, glistening like a film of glass or varnish. The number of accidents which occurred in the streets was very great, safe locomotion being almost impossible. This coating of ice was so complete that skating was frequent in many parts of London. A vast number of broken limbs and other accidents were treated at the hospitals that night. The thaw began soon after midnight,

the temperature gradually rising till about 2h. p.m. on the 23rd, when it had reached 50°, or 18° above the freezing point.

The following selection of notes on the weather, sent to the public journals by observers in different parts of the country, are given as examples of the universal interest taken in extraordinary meteorological phenomena:—

*At Malton, Yorkshire.*—On Tuesday night, January 1, the cold was more intense than in any winter since 1860, when, on the memorable Christmas Eve, the thermometer marked 6° below zero, and nearly all the hollies and laurels were killed. At Malton, on the previous Sunday, the summer geraniums were still in flower. On Monday the frost set in with snow, the temperature falling to 20° during the night. On Tuesday night the register in the town was 6°, and in the neighbourhood 1° below zero.

*At Cobham, Surrey.*—One of Casella's thermometers, 3 feet above the ground, registered, on the morning of January 3, 4° 9 below zero, or nearly 37° of frost. A good ordinary instrument by the same maker, attached to a wall of the house, registered 3°, or 29° below the freezing point. The depth of snow which fell yesterday, taken many times from a large even surface, averaged 12½ inches.

*At Shirley Warren, Southampton.*—On the morning of January 4 a minimum registering thermometer showed 28° of frost, or 4° above zero. Another on the grass registered 2° above zero. It is believed that this is the greatest degree of cold known in the south of England for many years. The observer never registered anything equal to it, except on Christmas Day 1860, when the thermometer stood at zero; but this was in Derbyshire.

*At Datchet, near Windsor.*—A thermometer, by Negretti and Zambra, exposed to a N.W. aspect, was read zero at 8h. p.m. on Friday, January 4. In the course of the following night the reading fell to 8° below zero, being one of the coldest nights on record.

*At the Royal Vineyard Nursery, Hammersmith.*—The night of January 4-5 was the coldest ever experienced here. On the celebrated night of Murphy's prediction (Jan. 20, 1838), the thermometer indicated 2° below zero, or 32° below the freezing point. On Christmas Eve 1860 the reading of the thermometer just touched zero; but, during the early morning of January 5 this year, the mercury stood at 3° below zero during seven hours. Towards daylight the reading of the thermometer began to rise rapidly; and, by 1h. p.m., it stood nearly at the freezing point.

*At Wallingford, Berkshire.*—Two thermometers severally registered 5° and 7° below zero at 2h. a.m. on January 5, the former 4½ feet from the ground, and the latter lying on the snow. The observer mentions that this is as low a temperature as he has registered for thirty-five years, and it remained below zero a greater number of hours than he had ever known in this locality. Twenty-nine years ago this morning (Jan. 5, 1838), the reading was recorded 5° below zero, but it remained at that point only half an hour.

*At Truro, Cornwall.*—Such severe weather has not been experienced in this town for nearly thirty years. Many of the roads are impassable from the accumulation of snow. On Tuesday, January 15, the thermometer stood at 8°, or 24° below the freezing point. This reading is lower by 1° than that on January 23, 1859; by 2° than that on January 19, 1855; and by several degrees than that on any day for the last twenty-eight years. On January 16 the reading was 11°. The half-hardy shrubs, which generally thrive so well in the mild winters of Cornwall, have suffered severely from the intense frost.

*North and East Ridings of Yorkshire.*—By far the heaviest fall of snow yet experienced in the North Riding of Yorkshire occurred on Thursday night, January 17, making the roads all more or less impassable. The work of cutting out the imprisoned railway trains in the Speeton cutting from a previous fall of snow had to be left, on account of the exhaustion of the men. The partially-cleared line was again blocked up. There are drifts of snow quite 10 feet thick in places, and the goods train, which first stuck fast, is quite snowed over, only the top of the engine-funnel being visible. The passengers by the imprisoned trains, having been got out, returned either to Scarborough or Driffield; and some of them, who wished to be at Scarborough and had to go round by Malton, were thirty hours on the journey, one whole night being spent in the snowed-up train.

## Varieties.

**AUSTRALIAN SOVEREIGNS.**—By an Act passed three years ago, the Queen was empowered to declare the sovereign coined at the branch mint in Sydney (which has been in existence since 1854) a legal tender in the United Kingdom, and by a proclamation in February 1866 she did so. The Australian sovereign is, in fact, a little better than any other, and it is being sought after now by exporters.

**PAPERMAKERS.**—The number of papermakers in the United Kingdom is declining. In 1864, 414 took out licenses; in 1865, 402; in 1866, 392.

**SMOKING.**—The Inland Revenue returns show that the habit of smoking is gradually extending. In the year 1841 the weight of tobacco consumed in the United Kingdom was less than 14oz. per head of the population; in 1851 it had risen to a fraction over 1lb. per head; in 1861 it was 1lb. 3½oz.; in 1863, 1lb. 4½oz.; in 1866, 1lb. 4½oz.

**BLACAS COLLECTION.**—This collection, consisting of Roman coins and gems, works in metal, vases, and reliefs, was lately purchased for the British Museum at a cost of £48,000. One of the most valuable objects, unique of its kind, is the silver toilet-service of a Roman lady of rank, probably a bridal present. The Duke of Blacas, the founder of the collection, was one of the peers of Louis XVIII, and a friend of Champeillon. He was ambassador for many years at Rome and at Naples. His son died last year, when the collection was offered for sale, and secured for the British Museum.

**MR. KAVANAGH'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.**—Mr. Kavanagh, the new member for the county of Wexford, concerning whose first appearance in Parliament much curiosity had been excited, was sworn in at the table and signed the Parliamentary Roll. The hon. member entered the House from the direction of the speaker's private apartments, seated in a library chair, the mechanism of which is so contrived that he can wheel himself with ease to any point he wishes to reach. The large copy of the Testament used in administering the oaths to members was managed—one cannot use the word handled—by Mr. Kavanagh without the least difficulty, and he wrote his name with as much quickness and apparent ease as any of his fellow-members of Parliament. The process was as follows:—The clerk handed to Mr. Kavanagh a pen with a handle of the length to which he is accustomed. The hon. member clasped the handle between what represent his arms, and, steadying it by putting the end into his mouth, guided the pen over the parchment with singular fluency and steadiness. This ceremony ended, he was introduced to the Speaker, and then apparently quitted the House. The proceedings, however, terminating soon afterwards, Mr. Kavanagh reappeared when the majority of members had left, and, accompanied by one or two friends, proceeded to familiarize himself with the internal arrangements of the building, as regards the distribution of seats, lobbies for voting, etc. At one moment, his friends having walked on a little, he showed of what exertion he was capable by propelling his chair with such velocity as speedily to overtake them.—*Times*.

**CUT OR UNCUT BOOKS.**—A discussion has taken place in the "Athenæum" as to the propriety of books being cut at the margin before publication. The chief objection is that after a second paring by the binder the book would be "cut to the quick," and left almost marginless. Messrs. A. and C. Black reply that "this could be provided for by making the margin broader to begin with," which would imply waste of paper and increased expense. Mr. John Leighton suggests as a compromise that the tops might be cut, though even that would in some cases injure the value of books. "There is no doubt that books cut by machinery prior to publication are deteriorated; their fair proportions being curtailed by the plough of the binder, who would be happy to fill his waste-bins with the spoil. For books of reference, novels, etc., there could be little objection to cutting in binding; though for fine works it should be done with care, a thin bone folder, and by hand. At present in an ordinary octavo uncut, but one-fourth of the printed matter is visible; but if cut at the top edge only, three-fourths would be liberated, or 25 per cent. alone be left at the fore-edge for the reader to set free. This is a compromise that would but little injure an ordinary volume; in many cases it might prove a preservative, as uncut books are often injured upon the shelves by dust penetrating the outer pages of folded sections sometimes to the depth of an inch. To

indicate the value of rare books intact I will record an instance. A lady in Surrey, who possessed a first edition of Shakespeare, and had a favourite nephew, brought the two together in her will, bibliomaniacs having informed her that she possessed a present fit for a prince. But to make the gift still more valuable, to preserve the treasure, and to have the pleasure of presenting in her lifetime, this gentle dame, upon the youth's coming of age, sent the book to a provincial binder, to have it grandly bound in morocco and gold—a thing that was duly done, and the book presented in form; but alas! I am afraid to number the golden guineas that went into the provincial bookbinder's shaving tub when he cut the grand dramatic poet of the world to the quick. *Pur et simple*, the book was a legacy—trimmed and adorned, it sunk to the level of many of no great value."

**WORLDLY ENJOYMENT.**—Often, when in the full enjoyment of all this world could bestow, my conscience told me that, in the true sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me, "what madness is all this, to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery?"—*Wilberforce*.

**DE PROFUNDIS.—SELF AND CHRIST.**—My heart is now in a cold and senseless state; I have been short, and cold, and wandering in private devotions; all within is overgrown with weeds, and every truly Christian grace well-nigh choked. Let me distrust myself; but let me throw myself at the feet of Christ, as an undone creature, distrusting, yea, despairing of myself, but firmly relying on him. I fly to God for pardon, pleading the blood of Jesus; though I almost despair, yet Christ is mighty to save. Comparing myself as I am with what I ought to be, I am lost in unutterable shame and self-abasement.—*Wilberforce's Diary*.

**THE STRIKES IN THE IRON TRADE.**—It is calculated that about £300,000 has been lost to the men in wages alone, while the contributions which the union has given to some 3000 of the 10,000 to 12,000 who have been thrown out by the strike have not exceeded £10,000, leaving a net loss of £290,000; while by far the greater portion of the men have had no assistance whatever, and have been compelled to endure the greatest privation and suffering. But, in addition to this, by the suspension of work for the nineteen weeks of the strike, a sum of about £1,250,000 has been lost to the district, and must have made a great difference to tradesmen of all kinds. The malleable iron trade has been directed into other channels, and under the most favourable circumstances a long time must elapse before it will be got back again.—*Colliery Guardian*.

**MORMON PROSPECTS.**—Americans are, as a rule, much ashamed of the existence of such a sect among them; and, now the railroad is pushing towards Utah, it is impossible for the disciples of Brigham Young to preserve the exclusion which has hitherto been all-important to them. Emigrants will cover the country, and the Salt Lake will no longer be a prison to all who go there. Dissatisfied Mormons will merely have to jump into the cars, instead of running the risk of being murdered in the vain attempt to return to their former homes. More than once Congress has shown a disposition to "put down" Mormonism, but the difficulty is that it is doubtful how far Congress has the right to interfere in territories, and Utah is a territory. But Senator Howard is about to bring the point to a practical test. He has brought forward amendments to a bill for regulating the selection of grand and petty jurors in Utah, which, if enforced, would effectually break up the present Mormon settlement. Only persons lawfully appointed shall have the power to solemnise marriages; "consecrated" or "sealed" marriages are declared illegal, and any member of the "so-called Mormon Church" cohabiting with a woman under the pretence of such marriages will be liable to a fine of not more than 10,000 dols. or less than 500 dols., or to imprisonment of from three months to three years. Heavy penalties are also entailed upon all persons who assist at these spiritual marriages. Without polygamy, Mormonism would have no charm in the eyes of its followers; and, if Congress succeeds in abolishing polygamy, the Mormons must seek a home in some other country. Senator Howard's attack will cause the greatest excitement to the Mormons which they have known since their memorable flight to the Salt Lake.—*Washington Paper*.